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tale, of this import: In May, 1671, an Irishman named Blood saw the crown and liked it so much that he took it away without leave. He had never been divinely anointed, yet it is not recorded that on the night of the sacrilege the earth did shake and royal tombs did open; on the contrary, the world survived the shock and if the heavens were indignant they remained quiet about it. Blood was chased and caught, and the crown restored to its show case. The culprit was tried and condemned to death, but there were Fenians in those days and they wrote anonymous letters to the king, threatening him assassination if he did not release their friend, the thief. His Royal Majesty had never heard that "threatened folks live long," nor had he a cheerful trust in his subjects, so he destroyed the death warrant, and not only set the robber free but give him a fat office that the royal house of Stuart might keep on good terms with him and his friends.

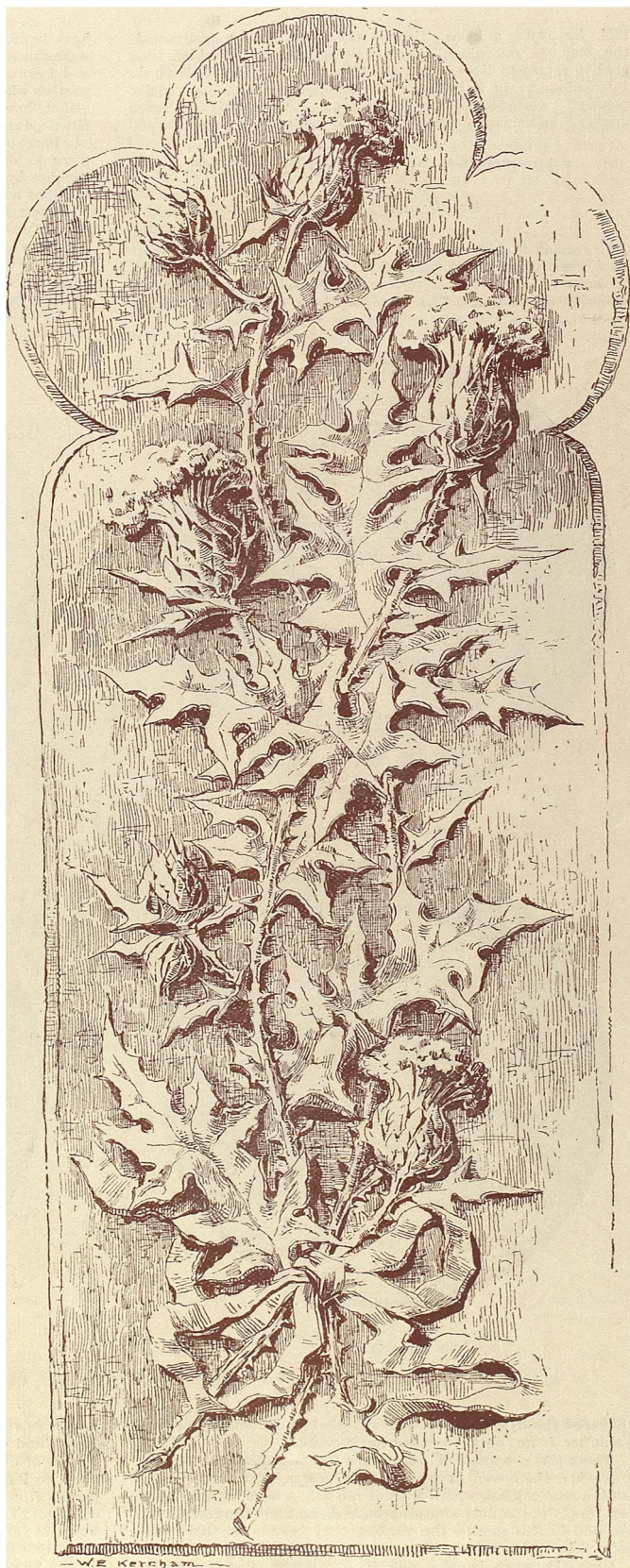
The jewel house in the Tower contains, in addition to these two crowns, the Prince of Wales' coronet of gold undecorated; the Queen-Consort's crown elaborately jeweled; the circlet of gold worn by the wife of James II; St. Edward's staff of gold, 4½ feet long, and containing a chip from the 20 or 30 tons of the true cross that are lying about Europe, and that Europe lies about to travelers; the royal sceptre, richly gemmed; the rod of equity; the Queen's gold sceptre; the Queen's ivory sceptre; two orbs of gold; the pointless sword of mercy; a vessel for the holy oil that makes a king sacred when it is wiped on him; a gold spoon, likewise used in anointing kings and queens; a gold salt cellar in shape of a castle; a baptismal font, to which royal infants are brought to receive their 18-jointed names, and a silver wine fountain, given to Charles II by a discriminating band of worshipers.

These jewels are not worn as stage kings wear them. The occupant of the throne does not receive callers, nor drive out, nor go to bed with them. The crown is put on at coronation in Westminster Abbey, and that is almost the only occasion when the monarch shows himself in the overwhelming majesty of his store clothes. He is then a bigger show than a dime museum, for, covered with gold and jewels, chains, medals, rings, bracelets, spurs and glory, and carrying gold balls and clubs, he stalks forth, filling all heads with awe, and compelling the people to bow before this fetish of their own creation.

EXTINCT DECORATIVE ARTS.

A GLANCE at the decadence of any decorative art is apt to engender a feeling of regret.

In some instances its secret has died out with the last of the traditional workers; in others it has been crowded out by new requirements and tastes. The exquisite iron work of the Renaissance period is no longer produced, for who would pay the cost of such elaboration, or what modern forger at the anvil could be found equal to the task of producing those delicate tendrils and leaves and exquisite interlacings. The art of enameling has been revived by the demand for it in jewelry, but in former times there were methods and processes that modern practice does not approach, and which involve buried secrets. The Spaniards of old produced descriptions of light fictile ware scintillating with colored light and which varied with every change of position, specimens of which now exceed in value their weight in gold because rarely obtainable. The last report of the U. S. Consul at Barcelona gives evidence of the painted, glazed and enameled tile industry, ancient samples of which awaken modern admiration, and which were scattered as far as the Philippine Islands. With their wonderful arabesques, they were a heritage from the Arabs. Similarly, the Spanish embossed leather hangings can no longer be approached. In an old Spanish book describing the process of making them, the writer declares the process to be so difficult that he had never met with a workman absolutely faultless in his productions. These were *cuir's dores* of Cardova and Seville, gilded leather stamped and painted, and which were used as hangings as well as for upholstery coverings. No modern skill can ap-



THISTLE DESIGN FOR WOOD CARVING, BY W. F. KETCHAM.

proach the excellence of antique specimens. Lo, too, with Venetian glass and silk embroideries. But why further enumerate. If old arts die, new requirements evolve others in their place. No preceding century approached the present in beauty and variety of decorative enrichments. If we have lost some secrets, we have recovered others, and the spirit of inventiveness is ever at work.

LIGHT AND COLOR.

By HESTER M. POOLE.

SOMETHING which many decorators and housekeepers have yet to learn is to adapt wall-tints to the exposure of the room. Russets, citrines, olives and browns dominate in long narrow suites lighted from the north, while rooms with a southern outlook glow with cream and gold, yellow and crimson. Whatever for the moment may be the prevailing mode is slavishly followed. "It is the style, you know," settles the question of light and color.

The drawing-room may as well be sacrificed to the god fashion irrespective of artistic sense, but the sitting-room and bed-chambers never. For the mood and in some sense health, of those who sit within doors day in and day out, deserve consideration. Take for instance olive, citrine, or dull brown for a room looking northward, or even a deep crimson, the shade that kills and absorbs all artificial light, unless it be the electrical lights which is not yet subservient to ordinary lares and penates. Who can doubt that the temper and cheerfulness of the habitual occupants of such a room will suffer sad eclipse?

For a sitting-room with a northern exposure or one dimly lighted, nothing is more satisfying than a wall-tint of lemon. If it be paper there may be small indeterminate figures in orange or a pale golden brown and the ceiling ought to be lighter than the sides, hardly more than an ivory. It will not take offence at the juxtaposition of any natural wood nor of that painted brown, steel color or electric blue. The furnishings may be dark wood brown, citrine or blue, anything which accords with the yellow. It is the reflection from large masses of color which gives rise to cheerfulness or depression, not that from furnishings. A sitting-room which delights all who enter, is covered with ingrain paper of peacock-blue tint. The deep frieze, also solid ingrain, is simply terra-cotta red, the picture moulding being a narrow strip of ebonized wood; but the glory of it all is in the ceiling.

Only two windows looking westward light the long room, and from them seems to stream a deep yellow radiance as from the setting sun. Gradually melting and fading away, it blends into a delicate blue which grows deeper when it meets the opposite wall. A few light clouds flee away on either hand, and an occasional bird flits from side to side. Then, as if the walls were an enclosure opening heavenward, the tops of the rose-vines come trailing up unconventionally as roses will, bearing lush yellow, pink and rosy beauties, half open buds and leaves of various sizes, decreasing and ending before reaching the center. In one place a couple of bright hued birds are picking at a detached flower, at another the petals are falling from the stem. It was the work of an



AN INDIAN ROOM, BY HELEN HYDE. (See page 38.)